

1823

The

1886

Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Vol. LVIII.
No. 3.

MARCH, 1886.

Whole No.
691.

CONTENTS.

MAGAZINE.	PAGE	MAGAZINE.	PAGE.
From Honolulu, H. I.	69	Texas: Galveston.....	93
The Old Danish Seamen's Mission.....	74	Puget Sound: Tacoma.....	93
The Cape Cod Turkey.....	77	Sailors' Snug Harbor, S. I.....	93
"Is That All?".....	81	A Sailor's Gratitude—His New Resolves.....	94
The Floating Bethel.....	83	From an Old Sailor-Friend.....	94
Seamen' Perils Close at Hand.....	85	Sailors' Home, New York.....	95
Work Among Seamen.....	90	Planets for March, 1886.....	95
Sweden: Helsingborg—Gefle.....	90	Receipts for January, 1886.....	95
Denmark: Copenhagen.....	90		
Belgium: Antwerp.....	91	LIFE BOAT.	
Chile, S. A.: Valparaiso.....	91	The Black Valley Railroad.....	97
Japan: Yokohama.....	92	Loan Library Reports.....	100
New York: Brooklyn U. S. Navy Yard.....	92	How Religion Helps Children.....	100

THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. *Persons ordering a change in the direction of the MAGAZINE should always give both the old and new address, in full.*

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, (eight pages, four times *per annum*.) published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, &c., and facts, mainly relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society.—Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies, gratis, for one year, with postage prepaid.

LOAN LIBRARIES for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible-Society, Room No. 66, Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor, who is also entitled, by such donation, to one copy of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, for one year, upon request therefor.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.



Vol. 58,

MARCH, 1886.

No. 3.

FROM HONOLULU, H. I.

CHINESE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—MR. F. W. DAMON
SOLVING THE CHINESE PROBLEM—DEDICATION OF THE NEW
BUILDING.

Under these headings a late Honolulu paper reports at length, concerning the dedication, December 3rd, 1885, of a new building erected for Christian work among the Chinese population at the Hawaiian Islands. After a detailed description of the neat two story structure, 38 x 60 feet, situated near the corner of Fort and Beretania Streets, the record proceeds:—

At the opening last evening the approaches were brilliantly lighted by strings of lanterns thrown over the alley at intervals, and by several big Chinese illuminators hung about the arched gateway at the street. Lanterns of all colors, shapes and dimensions lit up the areas in the front and rear as well as the rooms, halls and corridors within. The audience room was filled with chairs to its full capacity and there were very few chairs unoccupied. The platform and walls were elaborately decorated with bouquets, fan-palms, ferns,

maile, and other Hawaiian flowers and plants. All the decorations were the handiwork of Chinese volunteers, and the artistic genius of the race showed itself with very fine effect. The audience numbered probably about 300 persons, and consisted of Chinese, Hawaiian, American and English friends of the institution. Mr. Goo Kim, President of the Association, Mr. To Teng U, and Rev. C. M. Hyde, D. D., were on the platform with Mr. F. W. Damon, who conducted the proceedings. The boys of the Chinese school were present

wearing the star and ribbon of their "order." Some are, as yet, very fragmentary specimens of humanity, but even the smallest midgets among them conducted themselves with a decorum that seemed to indicate consciousness of an event of great national importance being about to take place. The boys' share of the programme was to open the proceedings by pronouncing the Lord's Prayer together, in Chinese. The 24th Psalm was read by Mr. Damon, in English, and by Mr. To Teng U, in Chinese. Four verses of a hymn were sung simultaneously in English, Chinese and Hawaiian, Mr. Damon giving the piano accompaniment. Mr. Damon next read a paper on the origin, aims and present position of the Chinese Y. M. C. A., and was followed by Mr. Goo Kim giving a similar account in Chinese.

Historical Statement.

It is peculiarly fitting that the site of the hall, which we have this evening gathered to dedicate, should be in close proximity to that of the Chinese church, which four years ago was dedicated to the worship of the true God. From almost the beginning of active missionary work among the Chinese in Honolulu, and in these Islands, the church and this Young Men's Christian Association have gone hand in hand. It is interesting to note how helpful they have been one to the other,—both blessing and being blessed in their reciprocal relations. Although earnest efforts had been made in previous years by the Hawaiian Board and individuals and not without good results, I would regard the real systematic work now in operation as the outgrowth, to a very large degree, of the un-

wearied labors of Mr. Sit Moon, who has so recently passed away to the life beyond, leaving behind him a grand record of Christian zeal and faithful service. He came to us in 1875, under the auspices of the (Foreign) Y. M. C. A. of Honolulu, an organization which we welcome this evening, with feelings of deep and grateful emotion, mindful, as we are, of the large-hearted generosity and brotherly sympathy ever manifested by its members in the cause of Chinese evangelization on these islands. Although this branch of Christian work has now largely passed from their immediate care and control, we love to treasure the memory of that which has been done, and pray that God will grant his richest blessing upon the present and future efforts of this most helpful and beneficent association, as he has been pleased to do in the past. Mr. Sit Moon possessed rare executive ability, a firm and unwavering faith in Christianity, and the spirit which is quickened, rather than weakened by the presence of difficulties. His new field was thickly beset with these. With a very few of his countrymen he found a welcome. The religion which he came to preach was not favored by the very large majority. This did not however, daunt him and he, with the few who sympathized with him, began vigorously to devise means for the extension of the work. In April of 1876, Mr. Sit Moon, Mr. L. Asieu and Mr. Goo Kim met in the store of the latter to talk over the best methods of advancing the cause of Christ among the Chinese. As a direct result of that humble conference, nearly ten years ago, we have to-night this pleasant and commodious hall, the numerous brother-

hood which is here present and the goodly and far reaching influences of this association. Mr. Sit Moon related to them the workings of the Y. M. C. A. among the Chinese in California, and it was decided to inaugurate a somewhat similar movement here. It was felt, and rightly, as results have demonstrated, that an organization based upon Christian principles, open to all who desire to become acquainted with the "true doctrine," which would at the same time afford the stimulus of brotherly sympathy and support, would serve as a stepping stone to a later entire and complete acceptance of Christianity and public profession of the same. Men, who waking to a sense of something higher and better than the old system of faith and action in which they have been cradled, yet fear to break with the past, would here be strengthened to a firmer stand, while others who may possibly have joined from lower and selfish motives, might by the power of the ennobling doctrines now prominently brought before them, be led into a better life. The three whose names are mentioned above started the movement with generous subscriptions. The first meeting was held in the Bethel Church. In a few months twenty-four members were enrolled. The beneficial influence of the new movement became immediately apparent. It was indeed the first step, but the way pointed heavenward. Mr. Sit Moon was encouraged here by the presence of increasing numbers at his religious services and the infant church had gained a potent ally, whose influence from that day to this has been for good. In November, 1877, the full Constitution and By-Laws of the Society were

drawn up and a charter was granted by the Government.

I might mention here that among the early acts of the new organization was the purchase of a large lot in the Makiki cemetery to be used as a Christian burial ground. In 1878 a retail store was started on Nuuanu street for the benefit of the Association. The room over the store was fitted up for a general assembly room and here every Tuesday evening religious services were held in the Chinese language. On Sunday the Christian Chinese attended services at the Bethel. The Y. M. C. A. thus formed a center for the Chinese Christian element which, as the members increased, met later on the Sabbath, at the Lyceum. In 1880, the Chinese church was organized and early in 1881 regular services began in the neighboring edifice on Fort street.

The Y. M. C. A. had, in 1880, a membership of 120. It has aided the church here in Honolulu with generous pecuniary donations, yearly, has assisted in carrying forward Christian work among the Chinese on the other Islands and has rendered aid to the sick destitute. In 1882, it was decided that it would be best to discontinue the Nuuanu street store and the amount derived from the sale of the stock of the same was invested in a few acres of land at Palama, the annual income from which has been devoted to the above mentioned objects aided by the Society. During the year which is now closing unusual interest has been awakened in the Association by some of its members, prominent among whom has been its worthy and zealous president, Mr. Goo Kim. With him, I think, originated the idea of building this new Hall. He, with

the preacher, Mr. Mak, who has lately returned to China, ably assisted by a number of the members, have diligently labored for the results which we see here this evening realized. For some months this matter has greatly interested the minds of all the members both here in Honolulu and at other points on the Islands. Subscription papers have been vigorously circulated and a generous response has been the result. New and important rules have been added to those already adopted which will undoubtedly be of great service in the future. The name of the organization in Chinese is the "Yau Hok Kituk Ching To Ui." As it has been feared by some Christian people that the Chinese Y. M. C. A. Associations in California and on these Islands might become mere moral societies, such as Confucianism would as well produce, the Christian element both in the name and in the rules of the society has been especially emphasized. The officers of the society, president, vice-president and treasurer, are required to be members of the church, and worthy, faithful men. Idolatry and all that is not in harmony with the teachings of the Gospel is forbidden. Prayer and reading of the Holy Scriptures form a part of every regular meeting. A very considerable number of the members are already members of the church, and we hope and pray that all may be enrolled ere long as firm believers in Christianity. It is emphatically, as its name indicates, a society of "learners." Every new member takes a step away from heathenism when he consents to enter an organization of which, not Confucius, but Jesus Christ is the acknowledged head. We have striven in the erection of this new building to furnish a Christian home,

which shall, by its cheerful and attractive appearance, be itself an illustration of Christianity, the religion above all others of true happiness. It is hoped and believed that this will be a center from which shall radiate influences which will not only bless the Chinese on these Islands, but assist in the moral and spiritual regeneration of the vast Empire in Asia from which they come. To-night we meet to dedicate the most important Chinese Y. M. C. A. Hall (so far as my knowledge goes) in point of size and equipment, in the world. It is a fact which should fill our hearts with joyful encouragement, but should at the same time be an incentive to more earnest and beseeching prayer that here may be enshrined a spiritual life, whose aspirations shall ever be heavenward and Christward, and aglow with philanthropic zeal and Christian charity. It is a source of unfeigned joy to myself and the members of this association to note the presence of such a large number of kind friends and well-wishers. We see in this an indication of that good-will and brotherly feeling which is so remarkable a characteristic of our cosmopolitan life. We meet here to-night on the high plane of Christian sympathy brought together, I humbly trust, by the teachings and in the spirit of Him, whose precepts are slowly but surely guiding the nations of the earth towards universal brotherhood.

Two verses of *Coronation* sung in the three languages of the audience, followed with piano accompaniment. The formal dedication of the building was then read by Rev. Dr. Hyde, in English, and Mr. Teng U in Chinese. Following is the English version:—

Friends and Brethren:—He,

whose good Spirit put it into the hearts of this Chinese Y. M. C. A. to "arise and build," has now brought us together to unite in the rejoicing over the finished work.

We read, in God's Word, that when the patriarch Jacob was journeying, away from home and friends, he lay down, a wearied traveller, for his night's repose, with only a stone for a pillow and the blue sky of heaven for the canopy of his couch. But in his dreams he saw the sloping hillside opposite transformed into altar stairs, on which were God's angel messengers, ascending and descending on their errand of "peace on earth and good will to men." More than that, this child of God, a solitary, desponding wanderer, heard, then and there, God's own voice of heavenly comfort, and His promise of divine blessings to him and to the nation that should have in that land their ancestral home. Adoring gratitude moved him, on awakening, to mark the scene of such special mercies, by consecrating the stone that had served him for a pillow, and setting it up as a pillar, bearing God's name, to perpetuate the memory of that vision of divine fellowship and sympathy.

So this building, beneath whose roof we are now assembled, into which the members of this Chinese Y. M. C. A. have built not only the silver of their generous gifts, but their spirit of kindly sympathy and their purpose of loving helpfulness, stands,—and long may it stand!—no unsubstantial dream of the night, but a solid and honorable testimonial of that spirit of brotherly kindness and open-handed liberality, that comes into the darkness of our earthly life, wherever the light of Christian

truth blesses the heart of man with its revelation of the fatherhood of God, and its promise of a home of heavenly holiness and blessedness. Here the stranger will be welcomed, the inquirer guided, the ignorant instructed, the penniless sheltered, the sick relieved, the poor assisted, the solitary ones made glad with the assurance of human sympathy and of divine remembrance. In devout recognition of the Holy Spirit, revealed as the Comforter, whose office it is to make evident and effectual Christ's life of self-denying and self-sacrificing love for our sinful and suffering humanity, we do now dedicate in Christ's name this building and all its belongings to the service of God, for the pious uses for which it has been planned and built. May Christ's name be ever honored, and grateful praise be given, by the right use of every apartment and of every convenience here provided. May all of us here present, and all may enjoy the privileges of this building consecrated to God and humanity, be living stones in the temple of our God. May all have that faith, and hope and love, which give the sure pledge of "a house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," the mansion prepared for the redeemed soul. And now to the God who made us, and redeemed us, that we may ever dwell with Him in the fellowship of Holy love, be all praise, dominion, and majesty, evermore. Amen.

General Secretary Fuller, of the Honolulu Y. M. C. A., being called on, delivered a short address. Mr. Damon interpreting for the Chinese. A brief and eloquent speech in Hawaiian followed, by Mr. Henry Waterhouse. The following hymn was sung in

three languages by the audience, standing:—

Dedication Hymn.

These walls we to Thy honor raise,
Long may they echo with Thy praise,
And Thou descending fill the place,
With choicest tokens of Thy grace!

Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train,

While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

And in the great decisive day
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

The hymn ended with the doxology, after which the services were brought to a close by Dr. Hyde pronouncing the benediction.

THE OLD DANISH SEAMEN'S MISSION.

BY REV. R. ANDERSEN, DANISH SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In common with many of your readers, I have noted with great interest the successive articles from the pen of Rev. Pastor MORTENSEN concerning the labors of the Norwegian Seamen's missionary Society. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely any shipping so well known over the world as that of Norway. Norwegian vessels and the Norwegian flag may be seen in the principal harbors of the world, and, what is most gratifying, is, that the Lutheran Church of Norway, for years past, seems to comprehend the importance of this fact, and is making very successful efforts to reach and bless her sea-faring children with the word of God, and the ministrations of faithful pastors.

The shipping interests of Denmark are small in comparison with Norway, though she has more steamships than Norway. In sailing vessels we are greatly in the rear of our northern Scandinavian sister State. The Seamen's Mission is not so important, but I am thankful in being able to say, the Danish sailor is not forgotten by the Church at home. A society exists for their special benefit, and the interest in its efficiency increases every year.

There was a time when the Danish flag was widely known upon the sea and in the harbors of the world. That was when Denmark and Norway were under the king, and one flag was used for both countries. Even at that remote day there existed a mission for seamen and for the colonies, and it may interest your readers to give some particulars concerning the operations of that society.

There is nothing the Danes are more proud of than their national flag. "*Danebrog*" is a banner which has to them both a national and churchly significance, having its old memories from the early and middle ages of national and spiritual activity. Like the banner of the Emperor Constantine, there belongs to it an "*In hoc signo vinces.*" likewise. The Danes took little part in the crusade to Palestine against the Mohammedan, and the Pope said it was just as well. King Waldemar the Great, and his friend, Archbishop Absalon, made frequent crusades to Esthland, Curland, and Liveland, —the home of the ancient Wendish and Esthonian tribes in the Baltic provinces of Russia. The Archbishop was a pious Romanist, after the style of piety in that

day, who did much for his country by the introduction of learned priests from England; but he was a great General, also, in the army of his country, and used the sword of steel more than the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. The crusades he commenced did not close until long after his death. The best known of them all was that in 1219, to Esthland, under King Waldemar Seier (victory). The King took the cross:—"for the glory of the Virgin Mary, and for the forgiveness of his sins!" After him came Archbishop Andrus Suneson. On the occasion of a great battle in Esthland, the victory at first seemed to be on the Danish side, but after a time the tide turned against them, when the Archbishop and his monks went up into a mountain for prayer. According to the old "tradition," the Archbishop fervently prayed with uplifted hands, and the Danish army obtained the victory. But being too weak, they fell down, when the Danish banner was taken by the heathen, and it seemed as if the Danish cause was lost. Again the clergy came to the aid of the venerable Archbishop, and lifted his hands high up to heaven, when behold a red banner with a white cross,—Danebrog,—came down from heaven, and a voice was heard, "When you carry the banner aloft, you will gain the victory." Tradition has it further, that when the heathen Esthlonians saw this, they were vanquished, and yielded themselves to be baptized. From that time "DANE-BROG" was the national banner of Denmark, and up to the time of the Reformation, and long after, many of the common people believed this as a gospel, that this flag really came from heaven! But

while the Dane is proud of his flag, we say as a Christian:—"IN THAT SIGN WE SHALL CONQUER." The white cross is the Savior's cross, which is peace,—but the way of peace for us is through the crimson blood which He shed for us.

After the Reformation the Danebrog was known, not so much in war, as on the white-winged ships of peace,—the merchant vessels,—as far as Africa's and India's coasts. At an early period expeditions were made in various latitudes, but never without zealous clergymen who were chaplains on these expeditions. One such expedition was that commanded by Admiral Ove Gjeddes, to the East Indies. The fleet consisted of four vessels under various commanders. On reaching the Coromandel Coast of India, a fort was erected in Tranquebar, and named "Danebrog." This was in 1620 and 1621. Their first pastor was Rev. Peder Soerensen Aale, and a few years afterwards a Danish Lutheran church was erected, and for some years two pastors ministered to its wants. With the Danish colony at Tranquebar, the well-known Foreign Mission of Franke, in Halle, Germany, was connected. It is an interesting fact that the Danish congregation existed up to this century, the last pastor sent from Denmark being Rev. Hans Knudsen, who reached Tranquebar in 1837. With the sale of the Danish possessions in India to England at a later period, the Danish Church as such ceased to exist.

In the year 1619-1620, an expedition was sent to Hudson Bay, in North America, under command of Jens Mink, a Norwegian captain. The expedition consisted of two ships, the one containing 18 men, and the other 48 men. The

vessels were frozen in the ice in the severe winter of that year, and had to remain until the next spring. The chaplain of the ships preached for the seamen on Christmas day, but soon after died. He was unquestionably the first Lutheran minister who died on the American continent. Of that unfortunate expedition but three men ever returned to Denmark.

About the year 1658 the Danes sent an expedition to Africa, and secured a foothold on the "Gold Coast." Regular settlements were made at different places, and towns were located and designated as follows:—Fredericksborg and Christiansborg in 1659, Friedensborg, 1735, and Kongsten in 1783. From 1662 there were Danish pastors, and, for a time, even two to meet the wants of the people. Two uncles of the Rev. F. L. Graudtvig, of Clinton, Iowa, fell victims to their devotion to their work in that unhealthy climate. After the year 1809 there was only occasionally a pastor. One of the missionaries of the Basle Missionary Society, Rev. Mr. Rus, acted as pastor to the Danish colony. In 1851 Denmark disposed of its interest in this territory, and with it the mission came to end.

In the year 1665 an expedition was sent to the West Indies. From this resulted the possession of the Islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. Jan. As usual, a clergyman accompanied this expedition, the Rev. Pastor Kjeld Jensen Slagelse. These Islands yet belong to Denmark, and Danish pastors have ministered to congregations since that time. The names of those at present in the West Indies are:—Rev. E. V. Lose, Christianstad, St. Croix; Rev. J. F. Feilberg, Frederickstad, St. Croix; Rev. Hans Johansen for

St. Thomas and St. Jan, who has just arrived from Denmark. These pastors minister to the descendants of the old Danish colonists, and to the seamen on the numerous Scandinavian vessels which touch at the ports on these Islands. One or more of these ministers officiate in English to colored Lutheran congregations, and none of our American churches are more devoted to our faith than these colored Lutherans of the West India Danish Islands.

In addition to the pastors on the Islands, there were special pastors for the seamen up to the year 1800. During the withering reign of Rationalism in Denmark everything of this kind ceased. From 1619 to 1637 no less than twenty-two persons were ordained with reference to the spiritual care of the seamen alone in the East and West Indies. All of those but two died at sea or in foreign lands while in service. The Society of Church History in Denmark in its last publication gives a list of eighty-one seamen chaplains. Opposite the name of one of them, Pastor Lauritz Andersen Rhodius, the words occur:—"Ad Insulam Tobagensen in America 1656." Very many Danish ships, in the carrying trade, went to China, and the chaplains of them are known as China pastors. When Pastor Hans Egade went to Greenland as a missionary in 1721, he was for some time chaplain on the vessels which sailed to Greenland. It will be seen from these instances that wherever the red flag of Denmark went, there the white cross soon followed, in the preaching of the cross by the ministers of the divine Word.

It is worthy of note that whenever Lutheran Denmark sent a

Minister of Legation to a Roman Catholic country, a chaplain was always commissioned to accompany him. At Lutheran courts legation chapels were generally established, though this was omitted in Germany, where the ministers usually spoke the German language, and were frequently Germans themselves. In Vienna, for example, the Danish pastor, Levin Coldeviers, was sent in 1645, but in 1663 Magister Christopher Krahe, his successor, preached outside of the Legation chapel and admitted persons to the Holy Communion. In consequence of this violation of the rule, he was one night taken out of his bed by the Roman Catholics and carried into Silesia, with the solemn warning never again to return to Vienna. The celebrated Chemnitz was Danish Legation pastor in 1757, and died in 1790, as German pastor at Copenhagen. He was Legation pastor for eleven years, and gathered a great congregation, in one year as many as 1,600 persons receiving the Holy Communion. In the city of Paris the learned Masius was Legation's pastor in 1682. By the assistance of the Danish minister the chapel of the Legation became a church for all the Lutherans who could understand

Danish. Legation pastors were regularly sent until the year 1809. Even in Madrid, Spain, such a chapel was established in connection with the Danish Embassy, and pastors were regularly sent out to about the year 1783. In Naples, Italy, a Legation pastor was sent up to 1801, and in St. Petersburg, Russia, to 1709. In Dublin, Ireland, a Lutheran church was established in 1698, to which Danish, Swedish and German Lutherans were attached, with help from the Danish Legation. Many Danish and German vessels touch at Smyrna, in the Mediterranean, and not a few merchants of these nationalities reside there. Already, in 1767, an appeal was made from Halle, Germany, to the Church authorities in Denmark to do something for the Protestant cause at Smyrna. The King promised, in a letter to the Danish Mission College, to bear part of the expense, and, in 1767, Pastor Christian Bartholm was sent out as German pastor of the Danish congregation in Smyrna. In 1771 he was recalled to Denmark, and became Court preacher. A successor was sent after him, but the mission ceased on his return.—*The Workman, Pittsburg, Pa.*

THE CAPE COD TURKEY.

"It does seem monstrous lonely, with only we three in this great house, and Thanksgiving morning at that. Folks ought to feel kindly disposed over their dinners to-day; but it seems kinder unnatural for folks who haven't any relations. Why, that big dining-room seats two hundred and forty people, and only three to dinner."

"I suppose father will get a turkey?"

"I don't know, deary. He's gone over to Squire Bascom's to see if he can get one. Howsum-ever, we can have a Cape Cod turkey, at any rate."

"A Cape Cod turkey? What is that?"

"You shall see,—when it comes."

Letty Sedgewick lived with her

father and mother in the summer in a little one-story house near the broad, sandy beach that faced Massachusetts Bay. In the winter they shut up their house and went to live in the Hotel Naumsett. This was a vast wooden hotel, open only in the summer. It had one hundred and ninety bedrooms, both little and big, and two dining-rooms, and three parlors and piazzas, nearly a half a mile long. In summer, Captain Sedgewick caught fish for the hotel, and in winter he lived in three of the small rooms at the end of the hotel, and took care of the great empty building.

There was no other house within two miles, and Letty had neither girl friend, playmate, or school-mate from the first of November till the first of May. She studied at home with her mother during the winter, when they lived in the hotel.

In summer she went to school in the village, two and a half miles away, walking there and back every day.

As her mother said, it was "monstrous lonesome" sometimes; and here it was Thanksgiving day, and not a single friend or visitor to come and see them.

Just then Letty's father came in. He had on a pair of rubber boots and a great yellow oil-cloth coat, that came down to his knees, and an oil-cloth hat, as shiny as old gold. He stood for a moment by the door, and a little ring of rain-drops fell all about him.

"Powerful rain for Thanksgiving day. Coming on thick, too. Bad day for ships off shore."

"Did you get a turkey?" said Mrs. Sedgewick.

"No. Squire's sold every feather he had to some Boston man. Powerful eaters the Boston folks

must be. Squire had nigh on to five dozen fowls. Great pity I didn't bespeak one. However, he gave me a bunch of beets."

"Just the thing for our turkey," said his wife.

"Jess so. Let's be thankful we have a turkey, any way. Now, I'll just run through the house and see if all the windows are snug against the rain. Shall I start a fire in the caffry?"

"No," said his wife. "That great room does seem so lonesome, with all those empty tables and the chairs standing on top of them."

Mr. Sedgewick pulled out a bunch of beets, and, laying aside his yellow coat, he went away into the vast, dim, echoing rooms of the hotel.

"What did the minister say he should take for his text to-day, Letty?"

"Go ye into the highways and back lanes, and bring the poor and the lame and the one-armed folks, like Jim Slocum, to the feast."

"Not much use preaching on that text," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "There isn't any what you'd call real poor folks in this town. Most everybody will have a turkey and cranberry sauce to-day. I suppose we could invite lots of poor folks to dinner. I'm sure we have got, —Hark! Was that a gun?"

Suddenly the door opened and Captain Sedgewick rushed into the room.

"There's a 'rack! There's a 'rack on the beach! I saw it from the attic windy."

Boom!

How the dull, heavy sound seemed to roll along the beach. The windows rattled, and the hills seemed to pick up the sound and toss it about from one to another.

"They're firing for help. Here! Letty, take the ensign and hist it, Union down, on the mast-top o' the cupola. I must go down to the life-boat house. The folks in the village will see the ensign and come over."

He opened a drawer in the table and pulled out a monstrous American flag. It was as big as six double sheets, and Letty could hardly reach round it when it was folded up.

"Wife, you must make up a burning fire in the dining-room, and make coffee. The men will be cold and wet time they get thru. Mebbby they'll be poor folks from the 'rack."

Letty ran through the great dining-room and past the office, and then up and up the broad stairways. She climbed up four stories, dragging the flag behind her. The bundle became unrolled, so she picked up the end and dragged it over the stairs behind her. The cupola was on the very top of the roof, and, to get to the flag-staff, she had to open a door and go out upon a narrow balcony, outside the cupola. The moment she opened the door it flew out of her hand with a slam.

"Oh! how the wind blows. I can never go out there. I shall be blown away."

Boom! roared the big gun, and the sound seemed to roll and rumble among the hills behind the beach like distant thunder.

"I must do it."

She pulled the flag together and crept out upon the dizzy balcony. The wind plucked at her dress, and the rain blinded her eyes. Now she got hold of the lines she didn't know. They were tight and knotted with the rain, and she had to pull out the knots with her teeth, while standing on the

flag to keep it from blowing away. When they were free, she fastened one to each side of the flag, and then, holding on tight to the railing, she threw the flag over. It fell down upon the roof and fluttered there, slapping about like a monstrous snake. Now for a big pull. Up she rose. Ah! how it pulled. It seemed as if the lines would cut her hands to pieces, or drag her over the balcony. The flag was like a vast bird now, waving its red and white wings, and struggling to be free.

Boom! roared the great gun.

"I'll do it, I'll do it," she panted. "It's got to go up."

It was wonderful how the people saw it. By the time she had the lines fast she heard the church bell ringing in alarm. In twenty minutes fifty men and boys were tearing along the beach towards the life-boat house, screaming and yelling as they ran. Over the meadows came a lank, white mare. The old parson was coming, too. There would be no church that day.

Captain Sedgewick had the doors of the boat-house wide open, and the lines laid out on the sand. Every man and boy took hold, and out came the boat, on its carriage, with a rush. Hurrah! Here's the parson's horse! Hitch her up! Lively now! All right! Go ahead!

Away they went with the white mare at the head, and the parson running behind as fast as he could go. How the surf roared and thundered on the sand, as if giving Thanksgiving day music.

It was a steamer. They could see her black funnel through the driving rain. She had come "head on," and gone easily and gently upon the soft sand. She was safe for the present, but the people must be brought ashore. By the

time the boat was brought opposite the wreck the beach was black with people. The folks were just setting out for the meeting-house when they heard the guns and saw the signal on the hotel, and they drove off at once and followed the parson to the shore.

There was no call for volunteers to "man the life-boat" and that sort of thing. Every man knew just what to do. This was a regular United States Service, and when that starts, why, things work right off, and no blundering or mistakes. The splendid boat plowed through the roaring surf, and went on her way as if it were the right thing to do. In exactly forty-five minutes from the time the steamer struck, every man, woman, and child, including the captain's dog, were safe and sound on the beach. Such a wonderful time had never been known. Everybody talked as fast as he could, and the women and girls lent their shawls to the women passengers, for it was raining in torrents, and the women were drenched to the skin.

The boat had been hauled upon the sand, and Captain Sedgewick sprang on the bows, and said, as loud as he could:—

"I say, fellow-citizens!"

Of course, all the fellow-citizens stopped talking at once. What had Captain Sedgewick to say?

"I calculate, fellow-citizens, that these folks, just rescued from the sea, mebbly don't know it is Thanksgiving day. I've got a pretty large house here; but we haven't any provisions to speak of. If some of you will drive home and bring over a few baskets of doughnuts, or sandwiches, or other goodies, I'll open the hotel, and we'll give 'em a dinner."

The proposal was received with cheers, and in half a minute the

teams were hitched up, and away they went to the village, with the parson, on his white mare, at the head. The other people swarmed into the hotel, and helped the passengers and sailors find their seats by the two great roaring wood fires. The way the chairs came down off the long tables was wonderful. Letty Sedgewick opened the monstrous pantry, and showed them piles and piles of plates and steel forks and rubber napkin-rings.

"Never mind the table-cloths," said the captain. "Set 'em picnic style, and give a seat to every one. I'm bound to have the biggest Thanksgiving party on the foot-stool." The folks began to arrive with the good things. It seemed as if they had just swept their own bountiful tables clean and brought them over to the hotel. The parson brought a whole ham and four loaves of bread. In half an hour everything was ready, and the entire population and all the shipwrecked folks sat down together. The parson rapped on the table, and everybody stopped to hear what he would say.

"My friends," said the old man, "I intended to preach on a certain text; but I see you have acted upon it. Your good actions are louder than my sermons." Then he said grace, and every one was prepared for the feast.

"Hold on!" cried Capt. Sedgewick. "Where are the turkeys?"

Every one looked about in dismay. There was not a turkey there.

"I calculate," said the captain, "every one thought every one else would bring one."

Then they all roared with laughter, for a Thanksgiving dinner without a turkey was a funny mistake.

"Here is the turkey!" cried

Mrs. Sedgewick. "Here's the turkey."

Letty brought it in on a big platter, nicely boiled and garnished with beets. It was just two feet long and one foot wide at the head, and two inches thick. She put the big plate before the captain of the steamer, and the poor man looked at it in dismay. Then all the people laughed again, till they cried; and if Letty and some of the village girls had not begun to fill the coffee-cups they might have never stopped.

At last it was over, and the captain of the steamer stood up and said:—

"My friends, I thank you for your rescue of my crew and passengers, and especially for this magnificent Thanksgiving dinner. I had hoped to get into Boston in time to go home to my own family and turkey; but we lost our way and ran ashore in the storm. She's a good ship, good American

iron, and I daresay as soon as we have tugs from Boston we can pull her off at high tide. It was a beautiful dinner, and I enjoyed it very much, particularly Mrs. Sedgewick's turkey, though I only had a piece of one fin."

Everybody rapped on the table, and the parson proposed three cheers for Captain Sedgewick, and three more for Letty Sedgewick for hoisting the signal flag. After that the folks took the passengers over to the railroad, and they went to Boston on the afternoon train. By that time the storm cleared away, and the sailors went out in the life-boat, and found the steamer all right, and not seriously damaged. Some of the boys and girls from the village stayed behind to help Letty and her mother clear away the table and put the hotel to rights, and, after that, they sat round the big wood fire and told stories till half-past nine o'clock.—*Pacific.*

"IS THAT ALL?"

Having accepted an invitation to preach in the east of London, I wandered up one street, down another, until at length I reached the mission-hall of which I was in search. On entering, I saw that the hall was filthy with the grime of a London low-life neighborhood, and a few women and children were gathered to listen to my address. I felt aggrieved at the prospect, and much inclined to grumble that I had been brought half a dozen miles from home, on a wild, gusty night, into such a neighborhood, to talk to such an audience; but having found my way and engaged to speak, I at once commenced. When the meeting was ended, I prepared to re-

trace my dangerous way toward home.

I had descended the two steps from the platform, and was passing on, when a shaky voice said, "I want to speak to you."

Turning at the request, I saw a very old woman, with an exceedingly dirty face, and hands still more filthy, holding on to the rail in front of her seat, and trembling with excitement or nervousness.—perhaps both.

I asked, "Well, what is it?"

"I am seventy-three years old," she said.

"Well, what is that to me?" I thought, but said nothing.

"And I can see to work as well as ever I could."

"Don't see what I have to do with that," was my silent comment.

"And I can earn my living by needle-work."

"Why do you tell me this?" I asked

"Because I want you to know that I don't come here to beg. I know well enough there's a lot of lazy vagabones as comes for nothing else; but I'm none o' that sort; I earns my living by my eyes and fingers, and begs nothin' o' nobody."

"But what do you want from me?" I inquired.

"I'm seventy-three years old," she repeated, and I can't expect to live very much longer. I have been listening to you talking about the gift of God; I knew I had not got it, and I made bold to ask you to tell me more about it. Remember, I am a poor old woman of seventy-three, and make it as plain as ever you can."

If a blaze of light had flashed into the dirty hall, I could not have felt more astonished than I did at the old woman's request. How should I lead an anxious soul, that had been seventy-three years in utter darkness, most speedily and safely into the light? I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and a thought came. I at once put my hand into my pocket, produced a sixpence, and said,—

"Mother, have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she said.

"Have you had any tea?"

"I didn't come here to beg."

"No one said you did; but that doesn't answer my question, which I intend to repeat until you reply plainly. Have you had any tea?"

"No, I ain't," she shortly rejoined, hoping to get rid of the subject.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"I didn't come here to beg," she again repeated.

"Mother, have you got any supper at home?"

"No, I ain't," she repeated rather angrily.

"Well, see, here is sixpence,—just the thing you want. It will buy you bread, butter, tea, a candle, coal and milk; and so give you food, light, and warmth." And the old woman knew, by many years' experience, the statement was correct in her locality; but she only repeated, "I didn't come here to beg."

"You have not been accused of begging, or anything else," I continued; "but I want to make it clear to you. This sixpence is mine, given in charge to me to give freely to any one that needs it. Your need of it is very sore; you are trembling with hunger and cold as you stand there. In your poor garret it is dark, hunger-bitten, cold,—no light, no fire, no food; the money I offer will produce all these things, which you require so much. Take the money; it is mine to give, and you need it."

Still she said, "I didn't come here to beg. I only wanted you to tell me how to get safely to heaven."

"That shall surely come after; but I want to settle this first,—or, perhaps they will come together. Now, be advised,—take the money."

The picture of a hungry night was no new thing to her, and signs of relenting appeared in her face. Almost unconsciously she then stretched out fingers drawn like birds' claws with age and labor, but she did not take the money readily; little by little she came nearer, until her fingers closed

upon the coin. She raised it from where it lay in the palm of my hand, and held it in her trembling fingers.

"Well, have you got it at last?"

"Yes, but not willingly," she said.

"Now, mother," I said, "you want the gift of God, which is eternal life; you want pardon for all your sins; you want peace with God; you want His Holy Spirit to lead you. Now, just as your wants for the body were met in the gift of the sixpence, so God has met all your wants for the soul in the gift of Jesus Christ, His Son. In Him God has provided all that we need, for time and eternity. But we must take Him as God's free, undeserved gift; and this is just what we are so unwilling to do. We want to *earn* Him; we want to *deserve* Jesus and heaven; *but we never can*. We do not like to take Him as a gift. Just as you were so unwilling to accept the money, so thousands are unwilling to accept Jesus on the only terms they can receive Him."

"I never saw it so," she said; "I thought I had to earn heaven."

"There are thousands like you," I answered, "who turn away, despising and rejecting the gift of God. But I hope you will be wiser; and just as you have freely taken

the gift of the money now, take the infinitely greater gift of Jesus Christ. You have to take what is ready and offered."

"But must I not repent?" she inquired.

"This will come by faith in Jesus, just as food, and light, and warmth were all in the sixpence. Only believe in Jesus."

"Is that all?" she asked in surprise.

"That is all," I replied. "Repentance, joy, peace, heaven, are all in Jesus Christ."

"Then, I am a saved old woman," she loudly cried, clasping her drawn, withered hands together with the sixpence between them, "for I bow to Jesus now."

"Thank God!" I most rejoicingly exclaimed. "Truly I have not labored in vain, nor spent my strength for nothing and in vain."

A little more counsel, a few words of earnest prayer, and then I looked for the last time into the aged face. Hope, forgiveness, peace, were there; and as I turned into the dark, dangerous way, it seemed bright with a light that was not of earth,—a light in my own spirit, lighted there by the rich blessing of the Lord of the harvest upon the labors of an unbelieving servant in the great harvest-field.—*C. J. W.*

THE FLOATING BETHEL.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SCENE IN THE ONLY FLOATING CHURCH ON THE GREAT LAKES.

The only floating Bethel on the lakes will soon be a thing of the past. Chaplain JONES, the founder of the enterprise, had been a sailor from boyhood. When six years old he began his lake-faring career, and he was scarcely nineteen when he began to draw able

seamen's wages. He became a hard customer, strange as it now seems; the police were often in quest of him. One day he was fleeing from a detective known as Jew Frank. Jones darted into a building, intending to find his way to the roof and secrete him-

self. He found himself in a room where a meeting was being held. It was a strange fatality that led him into the meeting. He would not have gone there had he known that it was a meeting. While there he was converted; when he came out he had resolved to turn over a new leaf. Unlike many a poor slave of drink, he kept his promise. Captain Kitwood, himself a veteran seafaring man, was the author of Jones' conversion. No one can reach sailors like one of their own calling, and Mr. Jones formed a resolve to become a sailors' missionary. When he first attempted to preach the sailors made sport of him, and when he urged them to leave off drinking the landlord of a sailors' hotel approached Jones, who had lost an arm, and said to him:—"Shut up, you cripple, or I'll hit ye." A great strapping Irishman stepped forward with an oath and said:—"The fust man that lays hands on this young feller will fale the touch o' me fist." Tom, the Irishman, was a rough, swearing fellow, but he stood by Mr. Jones, and the jeering sailors, cowed by the brave Irishman, listened to the young preacher.

One day Mr. Jones was on the docks when he saw the schooner *Union* unloading a cargo. "What will you take for her?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Five hundred dollars," was the answer.

Jones hadn't a dollar in the world, but he said:—"I'll take her," and went out and tried to raise the money. He succeeded, and the schooner became a floating Bethel. It has been moored at the foot of St. Clair street, and although great vessels have crashed against it and it was old when it was made a Bethel, it has weath-

ered the storm. The sailors believe that almost any other vessel under similar circumstances would have gone to the bottom. She has remained above water, however, and not until this Fall did she begin to leak so badly that it was necessary to purchase a building for a new sailors' Bethel and prepare to vacate the old floating Bethel. Services will be held in the floating Bethel to-day and perhaps another Sunday.

A *Plain Dealer* artist attended last Sunday afternoon's services in the floating Bethel and below is a carefully drawn and accurate picture of the scene in that remarkable place of divine service.

A Sunday Afternoon Service in the Floating Bethel.

Observe the devil-may-care expression on the face of the young fellow at the right in the foreground. He was intoxicated, but when, in accordance with the usual custom, a collection was taken up for some poor person in distress the young fellow chucked a handfull of silver into the hat just as if a long winter with no work and hard times was not staring him in the face. In front of him sits a colored man, and several seats away is Robert Greenhalgh, a wealthy vesselman, who is a practical Christian and finds more comfort in these meetings than at service at a fine church. The walls are hung with marine views and mottoes, and a bookcase at the right side of the room and another behind the speaker are filled with books of interest to sailors. One or two women sat in the audience. There was real eloquence in the appeal of fervent, one-armed Chaplain Jones. Sailors were free to come and go, but few went, while many kept com-

ing. "Come forward, chums," said the chaplain to two strange sailors who stood at the door, and at once they felt at home. The homely but forcible language of the chaplain affected more than one of his hearers, and they buried their faces in their hands or bowed low their heads.

"It wasn't very long ago that I was tending bar for Jack Dar-
ragh," said the chaplain in his sermon. His nautical similes convinced his hearers that he was truly a sailor. A big barge went down the river and the wave she stirred up set the little Bethel rocking and plunging, and then the chaplain gave visual evidence that he was a sailor in the manner that he kept his sea legs. When he asked those who wanted prayers to hold up their hands, a forest of hands went up. An experience meeting was held at the close of the sermon. The sailor has an admiration for the heroic in life, and when an earnest man arose and said that while he was trying to speak for Christ in Buffalo a big cooper came up and said, "Shut up or I'll smack ye!" all the sailors were deeply interested, and when the speaker related how the

Lord saved him from that scooper and made him triumph, an earnest sympathizer with the speaker exclaimed:—"That's the stuff!"

A man of medium size with a black mustache talked with real eloquence. This man was once a celebrated gambler in Buffalo and a terror at cards. He wore the largest diamond pin and the richest broadcloth, but he was converted and he is now shipkeeper of the floating Bethel at \$35 a month, when if he chose to return to gambling he might wear diamonds and broadcloth again. The sailors are respectful auditors as a rule, but once in a while an intoxicated man comes in to create disturbance. One staggered in a few Sundays ago. Chaplain Jones paused in his sermon and with a grip of iron seized the big drunkard and ran him out on the dock so quickly that it surprised him and won the admiration of the sailors. The drunken sailor himself was so impressed with the bravery of the muscular chaplain that he returned to the Bethel when sober and is now a regular attendant.—*M. P., in Cleveland, O., Plain Dealer.*

SEAMENS' PERILS CLOSE AT HAND.

The *N. Y. Herald* of the 8th of last month, under the headings "Imprisoned in Ice—Rescue of a Brig's Crew from Starvation and Cold" prints the record which we give below, in furtherance of our expressed purpose, to furnish pictures of seamen's sufferings during these days of wintry weather, in the immediate vicinity of New York and Boston. It requires some effort to realize the severity and the proximity of this distress. Let it be made, and the realization opens the sluices of the heart like to sympathy and to benefaction, as opportunity is afforded. We add to the account of the *Whitford's* experience, the report of a singular shipwreck, and the record of a life-saving rescue on the coast of Massachusetts February 3rd.

The ocean tug *Cyclops* passed under the Brooklyn Bridge at four o'clock yesterday morning, bound up the Sound on a mission of mercy. Captain Owen Hennessey was in charge, and besides her crew there was on board Mr. L. Schepp, Mr.

Albert Green, Mr. C. H. Schultheis, of New York, and a *Herald* reporter. The morning was cold and ice inches thick encased the tug from stem to stern. It was difficult for a landsman to keep his feet. Hell Gate was passed just before five o'clock. It was easy work until Riker's Island was reached, when the thick and tough ice was too much for the tug, and she could not fight it successfully.

An hour was passed at this barrier; daylight came stealing over Fort Schuyler and the morning gun flashed its welcome to the *Cyclops*. The Sound boats bound to New York came down like giant friends, split out a track and the tug made fairly good headway toward her destination. This was Smittown Bay, between Eaton's Neck and Crane Neck, where the brig *George W. Whitford* was frozen in the ice, with nearly all sails gone and no provisions on board.

Captain Joseph S. Brown was in command, and the brig was from St. Andrews, in the Spanish Main. Besides the master there were eight others on board as her crew. She was laden with coconuts, ivory nuts and tortoise shell. That much was known by Mr. Schepp, her owner, who also knew that Captain Brown wanted assistance in the worst possible way, and the *Cyclops* was hurrying along to give that assistance as fast as the great fields of hard ice would permit her. Extra provisions were on board the tug, and earnest hearts and hands were ready to do everything possible to cheer the weary men of the *Whitford*. Weary? Yes, and hungry; so hungry that had they not obtained provisions on Saturday afternoon after risking their lives on the ice somebody must have starved. What was known of the plight of these unlucky sailors was bad enough, but their condition was worse than the wildest fancy could picture.

The *Cyclops* was off Northport at half-past nine o'clock, moving slowly but surely through the ice which covered the Sound from shore to shore, and hearts beat quicker as the end of the journey approached. The scene could not have been more dreary. There was the smoke of two tugboats, also bound to the eastward, and besides this nothing but ice could be seen. It was ice in every direction, thick and hard to break, and it

seemed at times as if it would cut holes in the stout hull of the tug.

The Brig Reached.

Half an hour more and the vessel which was in such a sorry plight was clearly visible. She seemed in the center of a vast ocean of ice. As the *Cyclops* drew slowly near to her, men moved hurriedly on deck and there was seen the frantic waving of hats. Within an eighth of a mile she looked like a ship of ice,—hull, spars, rigging all ice and nothing to indicate that she was anything else but a solid, symmetrical mountain of clear white ice. Nearer and nearer approached the tug. It was hard work. Every inch of progress was a battle. Hats waved from the tug and cheers came back. A few yards more and the tug was within hailing distance. Tons of ice covered the brig. It was piled up forward out to the end of her broken jib-boom, and it hung from the rigging in great icicles bigger round than a flour barrel. Along the rail it was nearly a foot solid, and on deck almost as bad, except where it had been partly cleared. The solid mass stood out from the sides of the vessel several feet thick, and if ever there was a vessel firmly imprisoned in ice it was the *Whitford*. Speechless almost with amazement at her condition, Mr. Schepp did not hail Captain Brown for a moment. But the cry came,—

The Joy of the Men.

"Hello, Captain!"

"I knowed you'd be here," came back from a man with a pleasing but strong face, the lower part covered with iron gray beard.

"How are you now?"

"We are all thanking God," and Captain Brown turned to another tall, stout sailor-like looking man, and they shook hands so heartily tears came into the eyes of those on the *Cyclops*. And not only did those two men shake hands, but twenty-two other men shook hands and hugged each other with a heartiness that made more tears run down the cheeks of those looking on from the tug.

"Where in the world, Captain Brown, did you get so many men?" asked Mr. Schepp.

"Why, thank the Lord!" he shouted again, vigorously shaking the hand of the stout man by his side, "we got them off the coast of North Carolina, and they belonged to the Norwegian bark *Catharine*, which foundered there on January 27th.

A shipwrecked crew on board! No wonder they had been short of provisions and took desperate chances to obtain food.

"You'll get a medal from the King of Norway for that job," cried Mr. Schepp.

"I don't want a medal," was the answer of the honest old skipper. "I want to get home and want to find warmer weather."

"Were you short of provisions?"

"Short? Well, that isn't the word. We hadn't any at all yesterday morning and began to think about castin' lots for the next meal, but we got ashore and back all right last night.

Then there was more handshaking. All the while the *Cyclops* was fighting the ice and trying to break it into such pieces that she could get alongside of the brig. It took just two hours to cut her out, and in doing it the copper of the tug was torn in a dozen places. Now and then the tug approached within a few feet of the helpless brig, and at the first opportunity the colored cook of the ice-bound vessel cried out:—

"Captain, please give us a little water as soon as you can; we ain't got a drop."

Nothing to eat, and no water to drink! Could their condition have been worse?

On board the Whitford.

Captain Hennessey made one more circuit of the now no longer imprisoned vessel, and, going alongside, Mr. Schepp and party climbed over her icy side. When they jumped upon the icy deck there were more hand shakings, and Captain Brown clasped the owner around the neck, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "God bless you."

Water had been furnished the brig, and it was quickly drunk. Chops followed the water, potatoes came next, then bread and butter and finally there were a dozen or two large juicy steaks handed over the side of the tug. The boys would soon have one good meal, sure. The cook became the busiest man on Long Island Sound in a minute, and he kept busy, too, the balance of the day.

Up into the air went the hat of Captain Brown. "Now, my men," he cried, "man the windlass." And the windlass went round and round to the tune of joyous music from the sailors, while the captain kept his hat swinging about his head. A look forward showed that huge mountain of ice to be of many tons weight, and now and then pieces of the icy jibs fell off, and all the headstalls that were left

seemed as tender as gingerbread. Everybody was happy. All hands sang as they worked, and the crew of the lost bark felt as jolly as the crew of the brig.

Captain Brown's Story.

It required time to break the anchors out and get them over the icy bows, as there were sixty fathoms of chain to each, but it was done at last, and the tug *Cyclops* took the brig in tow. The tug *Young America*, also from New York, being in the vicinity, Mr. Schepp engaged her to assist the larger boat. The brig once more fairly under way and being helped along by two powerful tugs, Captain Brown went into his cabin, and sitting down with a smile upon his face, told the following yarn to the *Herald* reporter:—

"Now," said he, "I can talk a little and will tell you about this terrible voyage. In all my sailor-life of forty years I never experienced so much hardship. From the beginning to the last of it we've just had to rough it. The condition of the vessel you can see. We had to cut the jibboom guys to get rid of the tons of ice upon it. The spar snapped like a pipestem with the weight. We left St. Andrews on the 6th of January. Two days of halfway decent weather followed, when a norther struck us and knocked us about for three days, the gale being furious and the seas as heavy as I ever saw them, so that decks were under water a good deal of the time. When the 'norther' left us we had strong winds and a good deal of dirty weather until January 21st. Then a strong gale from the southwest struck us, and it was of such terrible strength it split our mainsail and we were compelled to heave to. We set the main trysail in the place of the split sail, but were not able to mend the latter for three days.

The Waterlogged Bark.

"Bad weather was upon us now all the time. On January 25th, there was a terrific gale from the northeast and a fog of such denseness you couldn't see five feet on deck. We rode out the gale that day fairly well, but on the 26th it continued and seemed to increase in fierceness. We were compelled to heave to and under trysail make the best of a bad bargain. The seas were bad and the decks awash most of the time. On January 27th, the next day, the gale seemed worse than before, if that could be possible. The vessel was hove to on the port

tack, with terrible cross seas that morning, when at eleven o'clock we sighted a bark showing a Norwegian flag and signals of distress. We wore ship with much difficulty and ran down to her. She proved to be the bark *Catharine*, from Savannah for London, water logged. It was so rough we could not board her. We laid to the windward of her for five hours, hoping the sea would get smooth enough for them to launch their boats. They had already stove two boats. About half-past five o'clock in the evening the captain, Andreas Jacobsen, and fifteen men succeeded in getting on board of us. With such a large addition, of course I at once thought of our provisions, and so, with my first mate in charge, the boat returned to the *Catharine* for stores. We couldn't get any, however, as the sea was making complete breaches over her. Neither could they save any of their clothes. The crew came on board without a single stitch of extra clothing. That made twenty-five souls in the brig, and the particularly stormy weather suggested a long passage, so that we were very careful with the stores we had. Under any circumstances we had plenty to spare for my own men, however long we might have been out, but the addition of sixteen persons made it a serious matter. So we looked after the 'grub' carefully.

Unable to make New York.

"The following day, January 28th, the sea went down somewhat, but it still blew great guns. The same thing may be said of January 29th and 30th. We were reefed most of the time. On February 3rd we were off Fire Island with a strong westerly breeze. It was very cold and the men suffered greatly. We ran for Fire Island light and made it. The wind increased in strength until it was blowing almost a hurricane. I knew that we couldn't fetch New York under such conditions, and so we ran for Montauk Point. Going through Plum Gut we made for New Heaven. At half-past eleven o'clock that night we anchored under Stratford Shoals in a blinding snow storm. The snow cut like a knife. About one o'clock that night we commenced to drag our anchors. There were sixty fathoms out to each. Before the vessel fetched up she had reached Smithtown Bay, about sixteen miles, having gone from one side of the Sound to the other. The vessel was imbedded in ice. All day Thursday she was adding to her icy coat, and on Friday morning she had

tons of it all over her. Long before daylight that day I ordered the jibboom guys cut that the stick might be carried away and the ice with it. I was afraid the many tons of ice might pull the vessel down head first.

Trying to Reach Shore.

"We launched a boat at nine o'clock on Friday morning and tried to get ashore. It was impossible. There was too much ice, and it was getting thicker and stronger all the time. On Saturday morning the ice would bear a man, or any number of men for all that. Our last bit of provisions had gone. The drinking water was exhausted, save a little bit, and we were in just as desperate a plight as you ever saw a lot of fellows. Ten men were sent to the shore. They dragged a boat with them. It was four and a half miles to the nearest place, Smithtown, L. I. The men got there all right, and stores were purchased. Despatches were also sent to my owner, Mr. Schepp. Coming back was perilous. The ice parted and the men were divided, being on different cakes. The cook of the lost *Catharine* would not trust the ice, and went back to the shore, where he is likely to be now. The men leaped from cake to cake, and, after taking desperate chances, once more struck the solid ice and the journey was finally ended. We fed royally last night, but this morning were again out of provisions. But I hoped for aid, and it came, thank God! That's the story."

And Captain Brown was happy. He told one of the men to get "a lot of cocoanuts,"—and saying, "I'll show you a cocoanut fire," filled the stove with them. The stove was red hot in ten minutes. "We haven't got any wood," he added, "so do the next best thing to keep warm."

Shipwrecked by Coffee—From the N. Y. Herald, Feb. 8th, 1886.

Captain White, of the brig *Ada L. White*, which was abandoned and lost on her recent voyage from Rio Janeiro to this port, as described in yesterday's *Herald*, was asked last evening by a *Herald* reporter for further particulars regarding the narrow escape of himself and crew from death.

He said it was fine summer weather, with the mercury standing at 80 degrees

in the shade, when they left Rio December 16th, with 11,248 bags of coffee on board. The voyage continued without incident until the brig was off Jamaica, when a gale came howling from the northwest, and lasted for three days. But it was several days later, when 160 miles out at sea, off Hatteras, that the great storm which wrecked them was encountered. The waves ran high; the wind blew almost a hurricane and lashed the ocean into foam; wave after wave broke over the ship, and finally enough water got below to wet the cargo. Then the coffee began to swell, the bags burst and more water got in. The coffee, which was forced out of the open sacks, floated into the pumps and soon disabled them. It was now impossible to reduce the water in the hold.

Meanwhile the fury of the storm increased and the sea was terrible to behold. In the midst of these scenes of peril a new and terrible danger appeared. Because of the disabled pumps, which were choked with coffee, the eleven thousand bags of coffee became completely saturated, and the whole mass arose like yeast. With a shock that shook the vessel to her centre the decks burst open with a crash of thunder. The hatches were wrenched off as if they were but paper, and great seams opened in the vessel which admitted the sea in torrents. All hope was now lost. Nothing was to be done but leave ship as speedily as possible, for she was already settling in the white waters.

With great difficulty the long boat was launched and hauled into a sheltered position under the stern of the brig, long enough to allow the one passenger and the crew to get on board. There was no time to put on even a mast with a bit of sail. The crew thought themselves fortunate in securing a cask of water and a few days' provisions for the perilous voyage before them. Captain White left the ship at half-past eight on the morning of January 31st, and on the following morning, while vainly trying to attract the attention of a rapidly disappearing bark, evidently bound out to sea, he was overjoyed to come in sight of the English steamer *William Burkitt*. Signals were exchanged and when the steamer reached the long boat containing the exhausted crew a fresh gale from the northwest was springing up. It was with much labor that the helpless men were got on board the steamer. Captain White further said at the close of his narrative that an hour

later it would have been too late. The rising sea, the storm and the blinding spray would have prevented their sighting or signalling the far away steamer.

—

Trying Times at Sea—Thrilling Experience of the Crew of the Wrecked

Mary A. Keller.

From Boston, Mass., February 4th, '86, it was telegraphed that "the three-masted schooner *Mary A. Keller* went ashore in the blinding snowstorm of last night, on Third Cliff Beach, Scituate, Mass., and now lies in a dangerous position. She was loaded with sugar, from Havana to Boston, and was commanded by Captain J. Keller. The patrol of the life-saving station, while pursuing his lonely vigils at about midnight, suddenly heard the sullen 'boom, boom,' from the schooner's gun, a signal of distress from the stranded vessel. The signal called together the life-saving crew, and immediate preparations were made to rescue the imperilled crew. The apparatus was with great difficulty gotten to the scene of the disaster, and the line was several times hurled toward the wreck but each time failed of reaching the mark. The storm would occasionally lift, disclosing the vessel with the sea breaking over her and the wrecked mariners clinging to the rigging. Finally the line passed over the ship, the seamen seized it and quickly drew it aboard until the cable was hauled in and securely fastened to the mainmast. The men on the schooner then pulled the buoy aboard and one of their number got into the pocket and was hauled ashore. This operation was repeated until the eight men on board of the wrecked craft were all safely landed. They were nearly dead from cold and exposure, but were soon made comfortable.

"Captain Keller says that about 6 o'clock last evening the weather began to thicken, and it began to snow. 'We were then making for Boston Light. The storm rapidly increased in severity until it was blowing a gale. The blinding snow enveloped us as a pall, and we were soon at the mercy of the currents. The sea was running mountains high and continually swept over the vessel. To add to our dangers the flying spray froze to the rigging as fast as it fell. The entire upper rigging was a mass of ice. The water froze to the clothing of the

crew and prevented them from moving about with effectiveness. The men suffered severely from the cold, and several were frost-bitten. We finally lost control of the vessel and knew that we were drifting upon a lee shore, but were rendered powerless to help ourselves. Suddenly we heard the breakers to leeward, and almost at the same instant the vessel struck with a shock which threw us from our feet. Each sea lifted her, and she kept thumping upon the bottom until it

seemed as though she would pound her bottom out. All of this time the heavy seas were breaking over her, threatening every minute to rend her asunder. As soon as we could we fired the signal-gun, and in a miraculously short time the answering beacon of the life-saving station gladdened our sight. When the life crew finally got the line aboard, the men were so exhausted from their exposure that they scarcely had strength enough to handle it."

WORK AMONG SEAMEN

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In the last quarter of 1885, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT preached to sailors and visited on shipboard, partly at Helsingborg and partly at the fishing places, Råa and Wiken, and in the villages Arrarp, Ramlösa, Astorp and Filborna. At Råa the sailors and fishermen formed a Temperance Union. A pilot is president, and many seamen signed the pledge. He describes a watch night meeting, December 31st, which was blest with the power of the Holy Spirit, and at which souls were born into the Kingdom of Christ.

GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERIKSSON, sailor-missionary, reports navigation as "slow," during the last autumn;—therefore not so many vessels were in harbor, as is usual. "It has been," says he, "a bad time for our sailors and workingmen, but we hope they will be more open to the word of God, and that the new year may be one of salvation and jubilee for sailors and workingmen in Sweden. We have already experienced great blessings during a 'prayer week' ordered by the 'Young Men's Union.' Two thousand persons were assembled every evening, the Lord blessed our meetings. Sinners were led

to Jesus every evening, and I hope that about twenty sailors were converted." In 1885, Mr. E. made 289 family visits and preached 297 times.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Reporting for 1885, Rev. A. WOLLESEN transmits a record which we print nearly in full:—

"Our work for the Lord has prospered in our hands. Some thirty thousand travelers to the eternal shore have, through the past year, visited our Bethel-ship, poor immortal beings who by the fall have guilt upon their consciences, and depravity of nature. Surely we have needed much grace to instruct and guide these thousands. We have ourselves, together with the children of God, through the preaching of the word, been led to rely more on Jesus. Sinners have learned here who is the fountain of joy, and through the aid of the Holy Spirit multitudes of seamen bent with sorrow for past offenses have forsaken their former inclinations and prayed,—'God be merciful to me a sinner!'—Often we have rejoiced with the new-born souls and mingled our thankful acknowledgments for mercies received from His bountiful hand.

Services.

"Services have been held during this year, as formerly reported, in Danish, English and German. No efforts have

been spared to have the audiences as large as possible, and we have on several occasions had all our seats occupied by seamen, besides the aisles and reading-room, the latter thronged by attentive listeners. The sight of hundreds and hundreds of seamen gathered for receiving spiritual benefit has made us humble, looking for divine assistance. The glorious result of multitudes of conversions to a life and walk with God, is a tribute to His honor and glory.

Reading-Room—General Work.

"Our Reading-Room has been opened daily, and well supplied with profitable books, and with religious newspapers, in various languages, geographical maps, and cards with instruction for shipwreck and life-saving. Also a full supply of writing materials. Thousands of sailors are here befriended. It would be impossible for me to give a full account of the good done, but this I can say that seamen come in confidence, well knowing that they will meet sympathy. The poor are provided with food, clothes and lodging, and the sick with tender care in a hospital. Interest is taken in those who have a little earning and their money is saved, although it has been a very trying year with small wages, still I can say that I have deposited in bank more than 7,000 kroner of seamen's savings.

"Hospitals, asylums and other institutions have been visited every week and the inmates have been supplied with reading suitable to call their attention. Boarding-houses have been visited three times every week, religious tracts and temperance papers and parts of God's Holy Word have been distributed, and invitations given to sailors and emigrants to partake of the privileges provided for them in the Bethel-ship.

On Shipboard.

"Aided by my assistant 2,500 ships have been visited and supplied with religious readings, Holy Bibles or Bible-bags, and invitations to sailors to come to the Bethel-ship, the calls accompanied with some kind words. So by prayer we have recommended the men to Him who is come to seek and to save.

At Christmas.

"As in previous years we had very successful Christmas festivities. On the 9th December nearly 300 seamen gathered around a beautiful Christmas tree presented by the beloved Queen of Denmark. After a religious service coffee and cakes

were served and each seaman received a little present which will henceforth remind him of the occasion. Among the influential persons present I may mention Prince Waldemar, the youngest son of the King,—Prince Waldemar is an officer in the navy,—also his wife, Princess Marie, and Prince Wilhelm, the King's brother. I need not state that they also presented royal gifts on this occasion.

Letters.

"Numbers have been received from seamen. They indicate gratitude for the time they spent with us, and prayers and best wishes for God's choicest of blessings to rest on every effort put forth here for the promotion of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"As my time is so fully occupied I have not of late been visiting our seamen's missions in Korsor and Elsinor, but they are doing a good work, leaving its mark on those who come there. God willing I shall go there in the latter part of this month."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Cheering words are these from Rev. JAMES HITCHENS, seamen's chaplain:—

"The Lord is blessing His own work here among the seamen. We are having some very blessed meetings, large numbers attend the religious services, and earnest prayer is being offered for the conversion of sailors. Things never looked more hopeful, and there are signs of an awakening and an ingathering into the church of Christ."

Chile, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. Dr. DAVID TRUMBULL over date of January 2nd, wrote:—

"Chaplain THOMPSON is away for a vacation, his first in two years, and members of our flock agreed to maintain his services. He begged me to tell you how peculiar the nature of this harbor is, and the need of a hulk. Seamen cannot, as a rule, come ashore, here, to church. Welcome they are if they come, but captains are not willing. The captains are anxious to have a Bethel afloat and have given to the object; \$2,700 are in hand,

—mostly from captains and crews, though some of it is from our lands-people.

Good Tidings.

"Rev. Mr. Thompson tells us in our Monday morning ministers' meeting, that the religious interest has been more general among seafaring people, recently, than at any period since he came. The captain of a steamer told me he wished to unite with the church; and an engineer of another steamer said he desired to confess his Savior anew, having been a church member at home. The steward of a vessel, living now on shore, called to say to me that he desired to return to his Savior from whom he had wandered, having been a communicant at home in New York State. Our colporteur to seamen, Mr. Muller, still goes afloat, employed by our local Bible Society."

Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

The last number of the *Naval Brigade*

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

Our chaplain, Rev. E. N. CRANE, has made extracts for us from a letter just received by him, from a sailor holding the position of Librarian and Schoolmaster aboard ship, dated January 1st, 1886, on the U. S. S. *Omaha*, moored off Hong Kong, China,—as follows:—

"*Respected Sir*:—Your kind and welcome letter dated 3rd Nov., 1885, (forwarded from Port Said, Egypt,) was received on my arrival here, on the 30th ult., for which please accept my thanks. I gave your message to our chaplain, Rev. Mr. WRIGHT. He desires me to thank you very kindly for your good wishes, and to be remembered to you. Mr. Wright does his utmost to promote the comfort and welfare of the ship's crew both bodily and spiritually. He has the good will of all, more especially for his extreme kindness and attention to any, without distinction, who may be on the sick list. We get along nicely with the singing, and purpose forming a choir to sing the chants in the service, as well as

News (Eng.) has a record, condensed from the Japan *Daily Mail*, of an entertainment for seamen in that port, provided by Chaplain and Mrs. AUSTEN, in the reading-room and garden of their mission. The British Consul and his wife aided in its preparation and at its exercises, and it was plainly a most enjoyable occasion.

Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, sailor-missionary, in a communication just at hand, says:—"Last evening, (January 22nd,) we entertained 110 seamen, socially, at the mission. Several American missionaries and a large number of the ladies and gentlemen of the community were present to give their active support to the entertainment." Mr. and Mrs. Austen hope for a vacation the coming season, when, with their children, they propose a visit to friends in England, which they left six years ago. They seek needed rest and recreation.

the hymns. This will put a great deal of life into our service, and cause many to attend who would otherwise stay away.

"Our services are always well attended by the officers, as Capt. SELFRIDGE, and the executive officer, Mr. FRANK COURTIS, always attend if they are on board.

"I am happy to say that the swearing and bullying that used to go on by those who did not attend them,—against those who did, has died out,—and we now have our services free from those taunts which had the effect of keeping many a poor fellow away who would otherwise have been present. I assure you I got my share of the ill feeling:—such names as 'the chaplain's assistant,' 'Holy Joe No. 2,' &c., &c., used at first to be very common, but now I do not think there is a man in the ship who is not my friend."

After giving a full and interesting account of the voyage from Naples through the Suez Canal to Hong Kong, the writer adds:—

"Please remember me to all inquiring friends. Trusting this may find you and yours enjoying the best of health and prosperity,

Yours very respectfully,

T. M. A.,
Seaman, U. S. N."

Texas.

GALVESTON.

A Scandinavian Seamen's Friend Society has been formed here, auxiliary to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and has been formally recognized. The officers are as follows:—Rev. AUGUST PETERSON, *President*; J. P. JOHNSON, *Secretary*; N. J. ANDERSON, *Treasurer*.

There is a large Scandinavian interest in Galveston, and an inviting field of labor for such a society.

Puget Sound.

TACOMA.

By letter dated February 2nd, Rev. R. S. STUBBS informs us of his transfer to Tacoma, W. T., and of his settlement with his family in their new home. He has the oversight of a large field, and is impressed with his need of help from above, in meeting the new responsibilities he has assumed. No one has as yet been provided to succeed him at Portland, Oregon.

Sailors' Snug Harbor, S. I.

Chaplain C. J. JONES, D. D., reports that eighty-four of the inmates passed away during the year 1885. Of this number, ecclesiastically, seventy-seven were Protestants and Seven Roman Catholics.

From a spiritual point of view the showing is good. Fifty died in hope of a better resurrection, of whom sixteen were converted in this institution. As to nationality, fifty hailed from the United States, eleven from England, eight from Sweden, four from Denmark, three from Ireland, from Scotland, Canada and the West Indies, two each, and one each from Wales and the Western Islands.

The sum of their ages was 5,473 years; six were over 80; between 70 and 80, twenty-six; between 60 and 70, twenty-eight; between 50 and 60, seventeen; between 40 and 50, six, and under 40 only

one. The average age at which each man died is 63 years, 11 months and 17 days.

This is the list:—

January 4th, Wm. Underhill, 43 years, New York; Jan. 6th, Samuel Grant, 60, England; Jan. 14th, George Newell, 82, Massachusetts; Jan. 16th, Geo. P. Harkness, 82, Connecticut; Jan. 21st, Allen Goldsmith, 82, Pennsylvania; Jan. 24th, Thos. F. Martin, (colored), 50, Santa Cruz; Jan. 27th, Jas. R. Malcolm, 73, Maine; Jan. 30th, John Gaffey, 50, Pennsylvania; Feb. 7th, Angus McDonald, 48, Prince Edward's Island; Feb. 9th, Henry Shone, 70, England; Feb. 12th, F. L. A. M. Smith, 61, North Carolina; Feb. 12th, Wm. Harmsworth, 61, England; Feb. 18th, Caleb Hammond, 64, Massachusetts; Feb. 20th, Chas. L. Creighton, 67, Philadelphia, Pa.; Feb. 23rd, Wm. Blasland, 83, Maine; Feb. 28th, James Hiltz, 66, Massachusetts; March 1st, Chas. Fortes, (colored), 65, Cape de Verde Islands; March 5th, Rob't Adamson, 66, New York; March 14th, Daniel Clark, 65, New York; March 16th, Harrison Briggs, 44, Massachusetts; March 16th, Jas. Kent, 69, Baltimore, Md.; March 24th, John Thompson, 81, Sweden; March 25th, Edw'd Cairns, 79, Ireland; March 29th, Geo. Slocum, 72, Massachusetts; March 31st, L. H. Houston, 63, Maryland; April 1st, Peter Marshall, 74, New York; April 8th, Wm. Lawrence, 80, South Carolina; April 9th, Joseph Johnson, 76, Scotland; April 19th, J. K. P. Germond, 40, New York; April 21st, Rich'd Collins, 70, England; April 21st, John Connelly, 4, England; April 23rd, John Chase, 79, Massachusetts; April 27th, Joshua Emerson, 70, Maine; May 6th, Geo. Cornell, 71, Connecticut; May 7th, Nelson Carey, 74, England; May 9th, Nathan J. Bowers, 70, Rhode Island; May 11th, John A. Brown, 70, Sweden; May 12th, John Barry, 58, Sweden; May 16th, Simon Bellamy, 76, England; May 18th, John Dean, 55, Ireland; May 19th, John Johnson, 57, Sweden; May 24th, Wm. P. Dunlap, 79, New York; May 26th, Joseph Sanford, (colored), 72, Connecticut; May 27th, John Mortimer, 33, New York; May 28th, James Muse, (colored), 77, Virginia; June 3rd, John Gibb, (colored), 61, West Indies; June 5th, John Hammer, 68, Denmark; June 8th, Sam'l Holbrook, 53, Boston, Mass; June 9th, Lawrence Johnson, 55, Denmark; June 13th, James Waters, 65, New York; June 23rd, John Thomas, 62, New York City; June 28th, Henry Brown, 53, New York; July 6th, Wm. Brown, 68, Massachusetts; July 22nd, James Crocker, 60, Connecticut; July 24th, Wm. F. Gilbert, (colored), 64, New York; July 31st, John Randall, 56, Scotland; Aug. 23rd, Solomon S. Dane, 67, Maine; Aug. 25th, Thomas Sturgis, 56, England; Aug. 26th, John Peterson, 75, Sweden; Aug. 27th, Peter Pratteau, 70, Canada;

Sept. 3rd, John McDougall, 58, New York; Sept. 9th, Sam'l P. Gertz, 76, Maine; Sept. 16th, Roswell B. Baldwin, 67, Connecticut; Sept. 20th, John A. Simpson, 44, Maine; Sept. 20th, Chas. E. Radford, 55, New York; Sept. 27th, Chas. P. Finch, 57, New York; Sept. 28th, Wm. Bell, 55, England; Sept. 28th, Timothy McCarty, 75, Ireland; Oct. 5th, John Cressy, 59, New York; Oct. 14th, Chas. Johnson, 75, Denmark; Oct. 27th, Wm. Donaldson, 55, Massachusetts; Oct. 29th, James Crosby, 70, Wales; Oct. 30th, John J. Woodbine, 65, England; Nov. 11th, Woodbury H. Pollys, 67, Maine; Nov. 18th, Chas. F. Freese, 67, Sweden; Nov. 22nd, John Moody, 63, England; Nov. 24th, Chas. Francis, 2nd, 66, Denmark; Nov. 25th, Wm. Rice, 62, New York; Nov. 27th, Andrew P. Ross, 70, Sweden; Nov. 30th, Wm. Little, 79, Pennsylvania; Dec. 4th, John Anderson, 79, Sweden; Dec. 19th, James W. Kay, 60, Maine; Dec. 29th, Alonzo C. Ames, 47, Maine.

A Sailor's Gratitude,—His New Resolves.

Dating December 9th, 1885, a seaman at our SAILORS' HOME, in this city, wrote from that place:—

"Hoping that you will excuse the liberty which I take in addressing you these few lines, I earnestly feel that it is my duty, in some way, to express my gratitude for the kindness with which I have been treated by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at other ports, and at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, New York. But a short time ago I arrived at New Bedford, Mass., after serving some twenty-eight months on whaling vessels in Hudson's Bay, British North America. Owing to ill luck and the unkindness of the owners, who, as I have learned, have served others in like manner, I found myself suddenly poor, without friends and among strangers, far away from home. Not even my fare to New York would these owners give me, although I had served them for the above time, day after day.

"I appealed to the Society for Sailors, and praise God, not in vain. I was taken in and cared for by the kind and benevolent keepers of the Mariner's Home of that port. My passage to New York was also furnished me by the Chaplain of the

New Bedford Port Society. I came to this port, and was again welcomed at the SAILORS' HOME, after I had told them my story. That night, after retiring, although weary I could not sleep. Something seemed to keep my thoughts on the kindness bestowed on me by the Society, and then again about home, and I wondered what father would say if he knew how I was situated, and how my dear mother would grieve if she knew that her son was in health and strength asking for help. How she would thank them all for their kindness to me, and God for guiding me from the path of evil!

"Then something seemed to say to me, 'why not thank thy Lord, thyself, for all these things?' and I said, 'so I will,' I got out and knelt by the bed as I was taught to do at home, and I thanked God, and all, for their kindness to me. I don't remember all I said, but I know it all came from the bottom of my heart. It was the first time I had knelt and prayed for several years. While following the sea. I am sorry to say, I had almost forgotten the Lord's Prayer,—almost lost Jesus, but thank God! I found him again ere it was too late.

"I cried that night, but they were tears of joy that came and not of sorrow. Before I went to sleep it was with the intention of being a better lad, if God would help me. I have not been a very great sinner since I left home, but I have been bad enough. I have my faults, of course, but I thank God drinking is not one of them, and with his help I can and will master all, as well as try and bring others to Jesus, away from the road to evil.

"I am soon going on a voyage, and shall try, on my return, if God spares us, to bring all to the HOME with me, as well as some token of my good faith and thankfulness for all. Hoping you will pray for me while I am away, allow me to remain,

Your obedient servant,

F. H. B.

of Swansea, South Wales, Eng."

From an Old Sailor-Friend.

Capt. THOMAS PIKE, brought to Christ, years since, at our SAILOR'S HOME in this city, from whose fervent pen our readers have not heard for some time past, writes as follows to the HOME's missionary

lating Chelsea, Mass., December 12th, 1885:—

"*Dear Friend*:—I received a letter yesterday from Mr. B., and am glad to hear that you are in good health, and marching on to Zion. It is a year since I heard from you. Well, thank God! we are another year's march nearer home. Although we are widely separated we are one in spirit. I often in my mind's eye see you all, when pouring out my soul to God in prayer. I don't forget the time and place where God through love and mercy blotted out my sins,—the Sailor's Home in Cherry Street, New York,—and to-day I can say my march is onward and upward, looking unto the Lord to keep my soul, and watching unto prayer. "I would like to see you all and the place of my spiritual birth. It is dear to me,—but if we never meet on earth, we have the glorious certainty of meeting in heaven. If we have such love for each other, here, what will it be to be there! Then the cares and trials of this life rise up before me, thank God I can look away from them all and say, 'I'll soon be at home, over there.' Praise the Lord for the precious promise,—'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end.' Dear brothers, we have the promise,—'I will guide thee with mine eye.' Please give my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. A., to Mr. B. and his good lady, not forgetting Dr. C., the servant of God. Good-bye, dear brother, for this time. I hope to hear from you soon."

Sailors' Home, New York,

190 CHERRY STREET.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

JANUARY, 1886.

Total arrivals..... 169
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,132
which \$1,050 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$1,080 was returned to boarders.

Planets for March, 1886.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st at 5h. 56m., and south of west 8° 57'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 6th at 56m. at noon, being 8' north, and at this time is exposed to all persons situated between the

parallels of latitude 23° north and 41° south: is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 18th when it is favorably situated for observation, setting on this evening at 7h. 40m., and north of west 10° 36'; is at its greatest elongation on the evening of the 21st at 10 o'clock, being then 18° 40' east of the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Pisces at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 30th.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 17m., and south of west 7° 48'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the afternoon of the 3rd at 5h. 9m., being 6° 11' north, and then again on the afternoon of the 31st at 2h. 42m., being now 1° 52' north; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius at 8 o'clock on the forenoon of the 10th; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 26th when it rises at 3h. 1m., and south of east 11° 37'.

MARS on the morning of the 1st is due south at 46m. past midnight, being at this time 8° 34' north of the equator; is in opposition with the Sun at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 6th, at this time is at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 18th at 8h. 35m., being 4° 27' north.

JUPITER on the morning of the 1st is due south at 1h. 40m., being only one-half of a minute south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th at 2h. 43m., being 13' north, and at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 22° north and 48° south; is in opposition to the Sun at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, being at this time at its greatest brilliancy and making the fourth planet which reaches its greatest brilliancy during this month.

SATURN on the morning of the 1st is due south at 7h. 27m., being 22° 45' north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Gemini at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 13th at 11h. 22m., being 4° 27' north; is in quadrature with the Sun at 8 o'clock on the forenoon of the 22nd, and after this time it becomes an evening star.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for January, 1886.

MAINE.

Castine, Mary F. and Margaret Cushman, each \$2..... \$ 4 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Dalton, Mrs. N. K. Stone..... 2 00
Laconia, Cong church..... 30 00
Marlborough, A Friend..... 1 00
Parkhill, Mrs. C. F. Brooks..... 1 00

VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. church..... 3 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, Free Christian church... 60 00
 Auburndale, for Immanuel Library... 20 00
 Ayer, Cong. church..... 10 23
 Boxford, Friends 5 00
 Cambridge, A Friend, for destitute seamen..... 2 00
 Cambridgeport, Prospect St. church... 50 11
 Campello, Cong. church for library... 20 00
 Chelsea, Lieut. H. C. Keene for lib'y... 20 00
 Cohasset, 2nd Cong. church, of wh. S. S. \$7.50 20 69
 Dalton, Mrs. James B. Crane 100 00
 Dedham, 1st Cong. S. S. for library... 20 00
 East Bridgewater, Cong. church..... 10 29
 Methodist church..... 3 42
 East Hampton, Payson Cong. church... 29 34
 Farmington, Cong. church 40 20
 Framingham, Plymouth ch. and Soc'y Gloucester, Evangelical church..... 10 00
 Granby, Cong. church..... 15 00
 Groton, Mrs. Mary M. S. Spaulding for library in memoriam Stephen and Mary Stickney..... 20 00
 Haverhill, West Cong. ch. and S. S., of wh. Nettie C. Webster's class \$4.21, and a friend, N. L. W., for book, 50 cents 17 36
 Holbrook, Winthrop church..... 20 43
 Sarah T. Holbrook, for library... 20 00
 Housatonic, Wm. Giddings 5 00
 Lawrence, Lawrence St. church..... 12 57
 Lowell, Kirk St. church 59 37
 Mansfield, Orthodox church..... 6 23
 Mansfield, 1st Cong. church..... 10 00
 Medford, McCollum Mission Circle for library..... 20 00
 Medway, Village Cong. church for library..... 20 00
 Millbury, 1st Cong. church..... 9 67
 Monson, estate of Andrew W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, ex'r..... 100 00
 Northfield, Cong. church..... 5 00
 Oxford, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. \$18.67 28 67
 Pittsfield, James H. Dunham..... 50 00
 Randolph, "New Year's Greeting"..... 25 00
 Salem, Elizabeth F. Lord for library... 20 00
 Southboro, Primary S. S. class..... 1 00
 Springfield, 1st church..... 19 46
 South church..... 27 10
 Stockbridge, Cong. church and Soc'y Sunderland, Cong. church and S. S. 25 00
 Tewksbury, Cong. church, (ad'nal) .. 1 00
 Wakefield, Cong. church..... 28 74
 Webster, Cong. church..... 12 25
 Wellesley Hills, Cong. church..... 2 00
 West Springfield, Mittineaque church 19 37
 Wellfleet, Cong. church for library... 20 00
 Whitinsville, Rev. J. J. Abbott..... 10 00
 Woburn, Cong. S. S. for library..... 20 00
 Worcester, Piedmont church..... 39 04
 Salem St. church..... 25 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, an ex-naval officer for lib'y.. 20 00
 Mrs. A. Ludlow Case for library... 20 00
 Little Compton, Cong. church..... 7 31
 Pawtucket, Cong. church..... 183 28
 Providence, Union Cong. church..... 40 00
 Pilgrim Cong. S. S. for library..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Branford, Cong. church..... 1 98
 Bristol, Cong. church S. S. 20 00

Danbury, 1st Cong. church to const. Miss Elizabeth Ball and James E. Hoyt of Danbury, Conn., L. M's... 64 00
 Greens Farms, Greens Farms Cong. church..... 10 00
 Greenville, Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y... 20 00
 Guilford, 1st Cong. church..... 13 00
 Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. church 225 25
 M. C. Bemis for library..... 20 00
 Miss S. W. Boswell for the C. Boswell Memorial Library..... 20 00
 Lucy A. Brainard for library..... 20 00
 2nd church, special contribution... 1 00
 Lebanon, Mrs. D. S. Woodworth..... 1 00
 Litchfield, 1st Cong. church..... 30 77
 Milford, 1st Cong. church..... 9 22
 New Haven, Lyman Osborne..... 5 00
 Newington, Cong. church..... 21 82
 Norfolk, Cong. church..... 50 00
 North Manchester, A Friend..... 1 00
 Norwich, 2nd Cong. church..... 75 92
 1st Cong. church..... 34 77
 Broadway Cong. S. S. 32 00
 Old Lyme, 1st Cong. church..... 5 11
 Orange, Cong. church..... 9 11
 Pomfret, Cong. church..... 4 00
 Rockville, Cong. church..... 10 22
 Salisbury, Cong. church..... 4 00
 Sharon, legacy of Mrs. Ann Maria Elliot Cowles, deceased, late of Sharon, Conn., per S. W. Elliot, adm'r..... 200 00
 South Britain, Cong. church..... 16 52
 Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt..... 5 00
 Wallingford, Cong. church..... 6 40
 Westford, Cong. church..... 3 00
 Wolcott, Cong. church..... 1 82

NEW YORK.

Albany, Mrs. Wm. Wendell..... 10 00
 Homer, Cong. church..... 18 00
 New Rochelle, Simeon Lester for lib'y 20 00
 New York City, S. T. Gordon..... 50 00
 Morris K. Jesup..... 50 00
 Anson Phelps Stokes..... 50 00
 Mrs. C. M. Roberts to const. self a Life Member..... 30 00
 Mrs. D. S. Miller..... 10 00
 George F. Thompson..... 2 00
 Poughkeepsie, Friends..... 100 00
 Mrs. Mary A. and Miss Emma Bogardus, each \$20, for library..... 40 00
 Mrs. Julia P. Wickes for library... 20 00
 Rye, Capt. R. B. Chapman..... 5 00
 Saugerties, Mrs. Maria A. Kiersted for library..... 20 00
 Southampton, Emma J. Hunting for a library to be named "The Hunting and Corwith Library No. 6," 20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Blairtown, C. E. Vail for library.... 20 00
 Franklin Park, H. P. Cortelyou.... 5 00
 Newark, 1st Pres. church..... 58 80
 Orange Valley, William P. Vail..... 6 00
 Princeton, A Friend..... 50 00
 George Macloskie 2 00

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville, Mrs. M. L. Smallwood.. 10 00

WISCONSIN.

Lake Geneva, Cong. church..... 5 00

\$3,016 4

ERRATUM.—In SAILORS' MAGAZINE for February, 1886, p. 64, under *Illinois*, in "Receipts for December, 1885,"—for Mrs. Amy Downie read Mrs. Amy Downs.



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

The Black Valley Railroad.

Circular and Advertisement has been too long before the public to need special introduction, here. At the suggestion of Rev. S. W. HANKS, District Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, at Boston, Mass., we reproduce it in the pages of the LIFE BOAT. It is its own interpreter, and its message is an impressive one.—Ed.

The Black Valley Country.

The Black Valley Country is situated in an extensive lowland lying between an elevated and extremely fertile and beautiful region, called the *Land of the Crystal River*, bounding it upon its upper limits, and a vast and unexplored desert forming its lower boundary.

The upper portion, near the Crystal River, is beautiful and attractive, and many are tempted to dwell within its borders.

But gradually the country becomes rougher, more barren, and stony. The inhabitants become poorer, and vice and crime abound. Prisons and poor-houses take the place of churches and school-houses.

Great Desert is a section of the *Black Valley Country*, extending many leagues along the track of the great thoroughfare to the volcano. It is a land of drought and dust and desolation. Neither tree or shrub or any green thing meets the eye of the traveler. On account of the great drought and heat which constantly prevail, whirlwinds are frequently formed, by which vast clouds of dust are carried across the desert, producing a condition of the atmosphere which not unfrequently causes death. Sometimes these whirlwinds are accompanied with terrific storms, with hailstones and coals of fire. The population of this desert is made up of Wanderers, vagabonds, and Outcasts, who have been carried away from their homes and families upon the *Black Valley Railroad*, and ejected so far from home and friends that all hope of their return is given up. Beyond Idiot Flats and the Great Desert lies the great *Black Valley*, the land of gloom and darkness as darkness itself, stretching far away to the region of perpetual storms, where travelers learn, when too late, that the road upon which they have come down is a branch of the old "Broad Road," and terminates at the same place.

BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD

Annual Receipts, \$900,000,000. — 500,000 Employees.

GREAT CENTRAL FAST ROUTE FROM SIPPING TON

To the following places and others in the

BLACK VALLEY COUNTRY

Tippleton, Topersville, Babbleton, Staggerland, Drunkards' Curve, Wallowditch, Broth
Gamblersville, Vampireland, Beggarstown, Woeland, Weepington, Wailingvale, Tear
Rowdyland, Foolsport, Quarrelton, Divorceland, Fightington, Slaughterfield, Bla
Lake, Robberston, Prisonton, Deliriumton, Demonland, Hornetsnest, Screechowlton
Horrorland, Serpentland, Maniacville, Idiot Flats, Black Valley, Great Desert,
Cloudland, Stormland, Thunderland, Burning Bridge, **Destruction.**

TICKETS SOLD AT ALL LIQUOR SHOPS

STAGES FROM TOBACCOVILLE WILL CARRY BOYS TO THE UPPER TERMINUS OF THE ROAD.



In the background, trains are seen starting for the BLACK VALLEY COUNTRY. In the foreground, stages and ambulances are picking up OUTCASTS along the track of the

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

From Drunkards' Curve all Trains are Express—all TAKING IN being done above that Station, principally of respectable people. Passengers for all the places *beyond* are THROWN OUT without stopping. Travelers not allowed to stand on the platform, or to put their heads out of the windows below Drunkards' Curve—the Corporation not wishing to alarm persons who are not patrons of the Road. Parties desiring to go to the Road will find the Crystal River stages at Drunkards' Curve, and all the Stations above, ready to take them free to all places in the CRYSTAL RIVER COUNTRY: below Drunkards' Curve, AMBULANCES will be employed, below Drunkards' Curve, and the Company disclaim all responsibility for damages. All Baggage is at the risk of the owners. Widows and orphans in pursuit of baggage lost by friends are informed that the Corporation will adhere strictly to the *usages of the Road*, and positively will not restore lost baggage. Passengers in the sleeping cars, especially Stockholders, will be *waked up at the end of the Road*, at or about midnight. Look out for pickpockets while purchasing tickets. No accidents by collision, as all trains run the same way. The only telegram from the lower terminus of the road is: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

(Copyright.)

The CRYSTAL RIVER (200 pages) and mounted map of the BLACK VALLEY COUNTRY, forwarded by mail for \$1.00 and postage (12 cents). "I have never seen any book or illustration which as a vivid and powerful exhibition of truth is at all comparable with this."—John B. Gough.

Land of the Crystal River.

This is the land which all children enter when they come into this world. Cascades and waterfalls are numerous, so that the whole country can be irrigated and enriched by an abundant supply of the purest water. Living springs are found in every part of the land, forming multitudes of rivulets, which quietly flow into and form at last what is known as the great *Crystal River*, which in time is to irrigate and transform the whole Black Valley Country.

In the vicinity of the streams and lakes of Fountainland, numerous flourishing villages and large cities have been built up. These places are all famous for the health, thrift, enterprise, and good character of their inhabitants. Wealth, too, abounds; and nearly all the people live in their own houses, in a state of comparative independence. The morals and good order are such that no police force is required for the protection of life and property. Prisons, almshouses and lunatic asylums are almost unknown. The taxes levied upon the people are principally for the support of religious and educational institutions, the general improvement of the country, and for the aid and support of those ruined by traveling on the Black Valley Railroad. Churches, school-houses, colleges, libraries, and lecture halls are beautiful, and abound everywhere.

One section of this country is occupied by emigrants from the Black Valley Country, who have removed here on account of the excellence and abundance of the water, as well as the good effects of it upon themselves and their families.

Before their removal from the Black Valley region, they were extremely poor.—Their houses were often wretched hovels, and they themselves were wretched and sickly and addicted to vice.

A Ride on the Black Valley Railroad.

A SONG, BY REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.

sing of a trip quite exciting,
In a song which I cannot restrain,
Of a ride down the Black Valley Rail-Road,
Of a ride on the Black Valley train.

he setting-out place for the journey,
Is Sippington station I think,
Where the engines for water take whiskey,
And the people take,—something to drink.

We break up at Tippleton station,
To try and get rid of our pain,
At Topersville also we tarry,
And do the same over again.

Our spirits indeed may be willing,
But very weak is the flesh,
So oft as we stop for five minutes,
We use all the time to refresh.

Now we come to the great central station,
The last stopping place on the line,
Drunkard's Curve—where is kept the chief
store house,
Of rum, whiskey, brandy and wine.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER, 200 pages and mounted map of the BLACK VALLEY COUNTRY, will be sent to Pastors and to Superintendents of Sabbath Schools for \$1.00 and postage, 12 cents,—upon application to Rev. S. W. HANKS, *Congregational House, Boston, Mass.*

From Drunkard's Curve to Destruction,
The train is strictly express,
And will not be slowed up or halted
For any flag of distress.

As we rush by the village of Woeland,
Poor wretches are thrown from the train,
We can see them rolled over and over,
Through the darkness, the mud and the rain.

Our engineer chuckles and dances
In the wild lurid flashes he throws,
Hotter blaze the red fires of his furnace,
As on into blackness he goes.

And now we have entered the regions
Where all things horrible dwell,
Where the shadows are peopled with goblins,
With the fiends and the furies of hell.

Would you like, my young friends, to take
passage
To this region of horror and pain?
Here stretches the Black Valley Rail-Road,
And here stands the Black Valley train.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1885, was 8,249; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,859; the total shipments aggregating 17,108. The number of volumes in these libraries was 441,434, and they were accessible, by original and re-shipment, to 315,987 men. Nine hundred and fifty-one libraries, with 34,236 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 108,450 men.—One hundred and twelve libraries were placed in one hundred and twelve Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 4,032 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and ninety-six Keepers and surfmen.

During January, 1886, forty-four loan libraries, thirty-four new and ten reshipped were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 8,353-8,368, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 8,441, 8,445-8,452, 8,454-8,459, with Nos. 8,461, 8,463 and 8,466, at Boston.

The ten libraries reshipped were:—

No. 4,866;	No. 7,048;	No. 7,501;	No. 7,764;	No. 8,141;
" 6,426;	" 7,073;	" 7,757;	" 7,967;	" 8,180.

How Religion Helps Children.

Religion helps children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling in a simple way the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her." Such a religion is essential to the best interest and moral growth of youth, and will make life sunny and cheerful.—*Christian At Work.*

LITTLE ALICE, not three years old, came running into the room where her mother was sewing and throwing her little head into her mother's lap, said "Mamma, I don't want God everywhere." Her mamma suspected that she had been in some mischief; so she went into the other room, and found the little girl had been doing wrong, had been disobedient. Is it not true that disobedient children,

whether large or small ones, do not like to have God everywhere? Dear children, may we all ever remember that "Thou God seest me."—*Christian At Work.*

American Seamen's Friend Society,

80 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq., *President*,
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary*,
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer*,
 P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.

THE LIFE BOAT is issued monthly by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, mainly for the advancement of its Loan Library Work, and fifty copies are sent, *gratis*, postage paid, for one year, to every Sabbath-School sending a library to sea. These libraries contain on an average thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE, unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian;—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labelled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment.—*Twenty Dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-School will send a Library to sea in the name of the donor.*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR.

Provided a request is sent, annually, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, it will be forwarded gratuitously to Life Directors, Life Members and pastors of churches in which a yearly collection is taken for the Society.

It will also, *upon application*, be sent for one year to any one contributing at least Twenty Dollars for the general objects of the Society, or to endow a Loan Library.

It is necessary that all receivers of the MAGAZINE, *gratuitously*, should give *annual* notices of their desire for its continuance.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he *at the same time* declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 432 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. R. S. Lippincott.
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Mrs. S. C. Clarke.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " "	
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House.....	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	

Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison..	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip..	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
26 State Street.....	Am. Ev. Luth. Im. Miss. So.	Mr. Lilja, <i>Miss'y</i> .
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	Rev. E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard...	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. N. Crane.
Van Brunt, near President St....	" " " "	" E. O. Bates.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	(Supplied.)
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Bethel, 175 Hanover St.....	Boston Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" S. S. Nickerson.
East Boston Bethel.....	Methodist.....	" L. B. Bates.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, C. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	" H. F. Lee.
N. W. cor. Front and Queen Sts...	Episcopal.....	" J. J. Sleeper.
Front Street, above Navy Yard....	Baptist.....	"
	Methodist.....	"
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" H. A. Cleveland.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" E. N. Harris.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.	" Chas. McElfresh.
NORFOLK.....	{ American & Norfolk Sea. }	" R. B. Murphy.
	{ Friend Societies. }	" J. R. Erritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society..	" Daniel Kellogg.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" C. E. Chichester.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	"
PENSACOLA, Fla.....	" " " "	" H. S. Yerger.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water...	" " " "	Mr. J. D. Mooney.
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Independent.....	Rev. L. H. Pease.
GALVESTON, Tex., 22nd St. & Broadway	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	"
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" J. Rowell.
" " " " " "	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq., *President.*

HORACE GRAY, Esq., HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq., *Vice-Presidents.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Rev. JOHN SPAULDING, D. D.,
346 W. 28th St., New York, N. Y.
JOHN DWIGHT, Esq.,
11 Old Slip, New York, N. Y.
HENRY A. HURLBUT, Esq.,
11 W. 20th St., New York, N. Y.
FREDERICK STURGES, Esq.,
76 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Capt. DAVID GILLESPIE,
75 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Rev. JOSEPH R. KERR, D. D.,
249 W. 34th Street, New York, N. Y.
GEORGE BELL, Esq.,
68 South St., New York, N. Y.
WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq.,
80 Wall St., New York, N. Y.
WM. A. BOOTH, Esq.,
20 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.
Rev. E. D. G. PRIME, D. D.,
31 Park Row, New York, N. Y.
HORACE GRAY, Esq.,
76 Wall St., New York, N. Y.
REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq.,
73 Pearl St., New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM DE GROOT, Esq.,
124 Water St., New York, N. Y.
DANIEL BARNES, Esq.,
29 South St., New York, N. Y.
WILLIAM F. LEE, Esq.,
679 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
JAMES P. WALLACE, Esq.,
14 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. EDWARD B. COE, D. D.,
42 West 52nd St., New York, N. Y.
ENOS N. TAFT, Esq.,
64 Wall St., New York, N. Y.
JAMES W. ELWELL, Esq.,
57 South St., New York, N. Y.
W. I. COMES, Esq.,
42 Wall St., New York, N. Y.
ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF, Esq.,
109 Duane St., New York, N. Y.
JOSEPH S. SPINNEY, Esq.,
66½ Pine St., New York, N. Y.
Rev. A. G. VERMILYE, D. D.,
Englewood, N. J.
CHARLES H. TRASK, Esq.,
76 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

OBJECTS AND METHODS OF THE SOCIETY.

- 1.—To improve the condition of seamen in every possible respect, and to save their souls.
- 2.—To sanctify commerce, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

1.—The preaching of the Gospel by missionaries and chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, CHILI, S. A., the MADEIRA ISLES, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, and upon the LABRADOR COAST, N. A.,—and will establish others, as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to boatmen upon our inland waters, chaplains visit the sick and dying, and endeavor to supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and missionaries for distribution among seamen and others.—The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT*, for the use of Sabbath-Schools.

3.—The provision of *LOAN LIBRARIES*, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews. The donor of each library is informed when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated, as far as possible. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, up to April 1st, 1885, is 8,249. Calculating 8,859 reshipments, their 441,434 volumes have been accessible to more than 315,987 men. Hundreds of hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-Schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. Thousands of American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVINGS' BANKS*, the distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c. The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, reconstructed, refurnished, and reopened in 1880, and is now unsurpassed by any *SAILORS' HOME* in the world. It has accommodated 100,000 boarders, and has saved to seamen and their relatives, more than \$1,500,000. Its moral and religious influence cannot be fully estimated, but very many seamen have there been led to Christ. Shipwrecked sailors are constantly provided for at the *HOME*. A missionary of the Society is in attendance, and religious and Temperance meetings are held daily.